¶ A Supplication to Eldertonne, for Leaches vnlewdnes: Desiring him to pardone, his manifest vnrudenes.

GOod gentle maiſter Eldertonne,
may I not you intrete?
To pardō Leache ẏ he hath dōne,
and not with him to frete?

For I confeſſe and know the ſame,
it was for lack of lewdnes:
That he ſo blaſde abrode your name,
therfore forgiue his rudenes.

For you maye ſee he is in deed,
an vnrude ſimple man:
Therfore of him take you no heed,
ſithe nurture none he can.

A ſeely ſimple man hee is,
as proof may well be made:
For nomore wit he hath ywis,
but to call a ſpade, a ſpade.

Therefore though that your filthy rymes,
be filthy name to bee:
Accuſe him not I ſay of crimes,
you heare his qualitie.

It was no doubt vnhomely donne,
to chalenge in ſuch caſe:
So fyne a felow as Eldertonne,
that hath ſo fayre a face.

But though your face be neuer ſo riche,
ſo precious or ſo gay:
Yet will he ſcratche it if it itche,
the paines for to delay.

Wherfore you ought him thankes to geue,
that worketh you ſuche good:
And not to ſhake him by the ſleeue,
to weete your angry moode.

I may wel muſe and meruel much,
what might be your intent:
Sith that you proue your ſelfe one ſuch,
as truthe cannot content.

You ſhowe that Leache you doo contemne,
euen by the ſelf ſame reed:
Wherin you doo your ſelf condemne,
I wiſhe you wolde take heed.

You binde it vp with othes inow,
in faith, in faith, ſaye yee:
But by ſuch frutes a man may know,
the goodnes of the tree.

A ſhame it is that you ſhould bring,
the ample of Chriſt I ſay:
And eke forthwith the ſelf ſame thing,
ſo ſore to diſobey.

For with the breache of charitie,
you doo him ſharply charge:
And by and by outragiouſly,
you raile on him at large.

Thus Sathan alſo for his turne,
the ſcriptures can out pike:
And as you wel his leſſon learne,
ſo are your deedes a like.

Your harte is vaine and bent to euill,
your toung alſo is naught:
How can it be then but the deuil,
muſt rule both toung and thought.

But hereby men may eaſely ſpie,
how you doo Leache abuſe:
Sith that your quarell for to trie,
by ſcripture you refuſe.

Therfore you go about I ſee,
the ſcripture ſet aparte:
Unto your toies and vanitie,
his penne for to conuart.

And if in deed you could him cauſe,
from ſcripture for to flie:
No doubt forſoth but clauſe by clauſe,
much brauery ſhould we ſee.

Then wolde you leke then wold you laffe,
as you doo make reporte:
Then wold you anſwere euery ſtaffe,
and that in ſugred ſorte.

In ſugred ſorte? nay poiſened then,
I might it better call:
Although it ſugred ſemes to men,
which are in ſinfull thrall.

A worthy worke it is doubtles,
and ful of lerned ſkill:
Wherby appeareth your ſhameles,
and wilful wicked will.

And where you write that ſecretly,
your fault he ſhould have tolde;
That might not be ſith openly,
your ſelfe did it vpholde.

And where as he ful ſkilfully,
takes ſcriptures for his ſtaie:
You ſay in deed that wickedly,
he vſeth them alwaie.

It is not ſtreight way proued ſo,
when that you haue it ſaid:
Except you bring a proofe therto,
which cannot be denaid.

As if, that I ſhould ſay in deed,
you were an honeſt man:
All wiſe men might me then deride,
ſith proue it not I can.

I wolde now wiſhe you ſhould forget,
his ſcience to deface:
For honeſtly a man may get,
his liuing in that race.

Muche better then the witte to ſpend,
a Paraſite to play:
The bad to pleaſe, the good to offend,
and play the foole all day.

And him me thinkes you ſhould not blame,
that can wel ſhape a hoſe:
For he may likewiſe cut and frame,
a caſe for your riche noſe.

To make a hoſe is no ſuche ſhame,
to Leache in his degree:
As is your noſe a glorious fame,
vppon your face to ſee.

It doth become you very ill,
to talke ſo of your taile:
But you ſhal there your toung hold ſtill,
as fitte for tounges that raile.

And if you ſtill thus doo deny,
your knauerie to forbeare:
You ſhal therin haue victory,
the garland you ſhall weare.

But heere I muſt ful ſore lament,
the counſel you ſtill geue:
To your vile Jone, not to repent,
but beaſtly ſtill to liue.

O wicked man darſte thou be bolde,
ſuche ſinful ſeed to ſowe?
And eke the ſame for to vpholde,
in ſinful hartes to growe?

Oh Lord ſhal whoredom thus preuaile?
ſhal men thus ſinne mainteine?
Is this a chriſten common weale,
and can ſuch filth ſuſteine?

O magiſtrates play Phinches parte,
towardes ſuche be not to milde:
Which may procure moſt greuous ſmart,
to many a mothers childe.

The whoredom of one heretofore,
Great plagues to many hath brought:
Although the lord reſtores therfore,
in him repentance wrought.

What ſhal our lot be then Oh Lord?
which ſuffer ſuche foule ſwine:
As liue a life to bee abhorde,
yet glory and ioye therein?

Repent (O wretche) and cal for grace,
leaue of theſe wicked toyes:
Leſt Sathan reache thee ſower ſauce,
to theſe thy pleaſant ioyes.

Now ſir, if Leache, as you doe tell,
ſemes fondly thinges to knit:
It is becauſe you cannot well,
them home with reaſon hit.

A homely cloke wold ſerue full wel,
is there none to be had?
If Eldertonne of none heare tell,
I doubt he will goe mad.

But if as you doo threaten, ſo
you fall for to bee wood:
You ſhall ſtreight waies to Bedlem go,
to tame your madding mood.

Now Eldertonne I muſt deſire,
you to hold Leache excuſde:
For that no reaſon doth appeere,
why he ſhuld ſo be vſde.

And ſith that I thus curteouſly,
for Leache doo you intreat:
Your phrenſie ſo to ſatiſfy,
you need no more to freat.

Wherfore gentle Maiſter Elderton,
as I may doo you pleaſure:
Graunt this my ſupplication,
which is not out of meaſure.

And thus ſubſcribed,
The firſt day of June:
At which time you ſaid,
Beginneth your fume.

¶. William Fulwod.

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